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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY S. PEARSON.

K

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THE

THE

BURGOMASTER'S WIFE.

AT Cologne they relate a tale,
Might turn the cheek of courage pale,
And married men aſtound;
To think a Wife may come again
After her coffin's nail'd, and when
They've laid her in the ground!

It ſeems, a Burgomaſter's Wife
Departed, as 'twas thought, this life,
And was ſuperbly buried
With all her croſſes, beads, and rings,
Lockets, and ſuch-like curious things,
As uſually ſhe carried.

The Huſband, of a quiet mind,
To this event his heart reſign'd
With tolerable grace;
Indeed, the very truth to tell,
He oft had wiſh'd his lady well,
In ſome far better place.

Within his vault the Corſe interr'd,
Patient the funeral-praiſe he heard,
And then return'd *chez-lui*;

Not

Not dreaming that his Wife might roam,
Or that ſhe'd e'er again come home,
The Sexton kept the key.

This Sexton of the trinkets knew,
And went to take a private view,
When midnight clos'd all eyes;
Behold him by the coffin ſtand,
Lift up the lid, and ſeize the hand,
When —— Madam tries to riſe!

Emerging from the trance's gloom,
She ſaw herſelf within a tomb,
Her ſtrength reviv'd by fear;
The chilling crape aſide ſhe toſt,
And ſpringing upright as a poſt,
Call'd loudly on her Dear.

Her hands the robber's fingers claſp,
He vainly tries to quit her graſp,
She tears the binding ſhroud;
Eager to fly the Cave of Death,
He mounts the ſteps, and gaſps for breath,
And calls for help aloud.

Rejoic'd to ſee the ſtarry ſkies,
The lady to her manſion hies,
And raps without avail;
Her tatter'd ſhroud ſtill hanging round,
Profuſely ſweeps the moonlight ground,
Her face with cold all pale.

At length, the oft repeated knock
Gives all the houſe a heavy ſhock,
The porter brings a light;

He ſcarce can raiſe his ſleepy eyes,
But ſoon as e'er the ſhroud he ſpies,
He roars, "My lady's ſprite!"

Shuts to the door and falls in fits,
While maſter, hardly in his wits,
Now to the window flies;
Profeſſes total diſbelief,
Speaks of his Spouſe with tender grief,
And rends the air with ſighs.

Whate'er is to our wiſhes dear
In probability's wide ſphere,
Our glowing fancies place;
But what we'd rather not believe,
However plain we don't receive,
Such was the German's caſe.

Her hands the robber's fingers claſp,
He vainly tries to quit her graſp,
She tears the binding ſhroud;
Eager to fly the Cave of Death,
He mounts the ſteps, and gaſps for breath,
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Our glowing fancies place;
But what we'd rather not believe,
However plain we don't receive,
Such was the German's caſe.

No, no, he cries, " We meet no more
" Till on Eternity's far ſhore,
" For who can call back life ?
" I wou'd as ſoon believe my mares
" Are dancing rigadoons up ſtairs,
" As that you are my Wife."

He ſcarce had ſpoke the final word,
When o'er his head ſuch noiſe was heard,
As made him thither go ;
When in the garret, lo, his mares,
Giving themſelves all ſorts of airs,
Like Ma'amoiſelle Pariſot !

To ſuch ſtrong proof he muſt give place,
The ſad truth ſtares him in the face,
To Wife now hobbles he;

For patience breathes a ſilent prayer,
" Once married, where's the end of care ?
" Ah ! would I'd ta'en the key."

When all was ſtill beneath his roof,
That Spouſe was dead, a certain proof,
To think of ſuch a viſitor !
His friends in jeering mood preſume
He'd rather in the lady's room
Have ſeen a grand Inquiſitor.

Next day in ſight of all the town,
Machines convey'd the prancers down
From their exalted ſtation ;
But by what more than mortal arts
Their ladyſhips attain'd thoſe parts,
Still puzzles half the nation.

One generation's turn'd to clay,
Since this event took place, they ſay,
Which none preſume to doubt;
For, ſtill they ſhow the very room,
To ſtrike all unbelievers dumb,
Who might the myſtery flout;

Where theſe ſaid beaſts ſo kick'd their heels,
To enforce their lady's vain appeals,
Nay, ſtronger proofs they bring;
For, when the frolic creatures died,
They carefully preſerv'd each hide,
To aſcertain the thing.

Moreover in the Church is ſeen
A web of linen, fine and clean,
Which this fair lady ſpun;

Long after her dear Spouſe had truſt
Her ſoul was number'd with the juſt,
And all her work was done.

However decent in her notions,
In ſeven years time ſhe ceas'd her motions,
And wou'd no longer tarry;
Wou'd ne'er again come back to knock
Her Huſband up at any o'clock,
But left him free to marry.

Whoever thinks this Tale untrue,
In the Apoſtle's Church may view
A painting, that diſplays it;
And many of our travell'd wights,
Converſant with ſuch ſort of ſights,
Do infinitely praiſe it.

The folks of Cologne, men and youth,
In ſolemn terms atteſt its truth,
You cannot friend, believe it;
Neither can we, and bluſh indeed,
That any people of our Creed
Deſcend thus to receive it.

Hence, Superſtition!—ſtrongeſt cord,
Which men their fellow-men afford,
To bind the thinking ſoul;
To thee we own that they reject
All that demands indeed reſpect,
And ſhou'd their acts controul.

From thee to infidelity
Unfetter'd ſpirits madly fly,
And hence confuſion breeds:

Hence Suicides and Murders riſe,
And in their robes of dreadful dies,
A crowd of hideous deeds.

May pure Religion's powerful hand,
From thee protect my native land,
And fill each pious mind
With faith, which ſoars on Seraph's wings,
With hope, which heav'nly proſpects brings,
And love to all mankind.

ON

ON AN INFANT'S BINDER.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF ITS MOTHER.

"A BINDER! bleſs us, what a theme!"
Some lofty Poet would exclaim:
"Who could on ſuch a ſubject dream,
"Or hope to wake poetic flame?"
And yet, perhaps, much might be ſaid,
On that which wraps this little head;

Although

Although it ſeem to vulgar eyes
A ſimple ſhred of lawn—no more:
Yet, who ſhall ſay what in it lies,
Till future time unfolds its ſtore?
Perhaps within this little round,
The germs of wit and judgment lie;
The Art to wake the Thought profound,
To melt the Soul or light the Eye.
Perhaps ideas hence may flow,
To ſtrip the Law of all its wiles,
To make the widow's boſom glow,
And dreſs the orphan's face in ſmiles.
Or here, for aught that we can tell,
That ſoul of enterprize may ſleep,
Which fear ſhall vainly ſtrive to quell,
Impell'd to wander o'er the deep.

Impell'd along the fartheſt main,
To trace the bounds of Neptune's reign ;
New Iſles, new Continents explore,
Where never Briton trod before ;
And glorying in that ſacred name,
Great Albion's ſtandard rear, and ſound her matchleſs fame.
Or in this circle now confin'd,
May live a ſtrong and patient mind,
That in the Eſculapian page
Shall ſeek to rein diſeaſe's rage ;
Shall love to tread the mountain hoar,
Or linger on the broken ſhore;
Beſide the ruſhy brook to ſtray,
Or pierce through pathleſs wilds its way :
Extracting from their ſecret cell
The virtues of each blooming bell,

Each

Each tree that decks the vernal plain,
And every living plant that ſips the ſilver rain ;
Thro' nature's vegetable wealth,
Seeking the ambroſial ſtores of health ;
And hence to ſooth the throb of pain,
And cool the wild and burning brain,
The light in beauty's eye relume,
And renovate her languid bloom ;
Reſtore pale youth's elaſtic powers,
And wing with joy life's vernal hours.
Or here a Soul divine may dwell,
Whoſe powers ſhall mental Woe diſpel ;
That Woe which racks the guilty breaſt,
When ſtern remorſe erects her creſt.
While croſs diſorder'd Fancy's eye
The gloomy forms of vengeance fly;

The dying wretch's tardy prayers diſdain,
And drag him down to night and endleſs pain.
With Hope, how ſweet, to ſooth the Soul,
Juſt fleeting to the awful Bar;
Each apprehenſive thought controul,
And lull to peace the internal war.
Lead pale Repentance to his bed,
And call down Mercy on his head;
Till meek Aſſurance points his eye,
Where bending Angels o'er him ſigh,
And in ſoft notes prepare him for the ſky.
To enforce the laws divine, which bind
In chains of Love all human kind;
To vindicate His ſearchleſs ways,
Whoſe Eye our inmoſt Thoughts ſurveys;
And by a million different Springs
Directs this complex ſcheme of things;

To

To bid Religion's radiant face
Reſume its native, genuine grace;
No more by Superſtition dreſt,
In brow auſtere, and monkiſh veſt,
But ardent, ſimple, and ſerene,
With cheerful voice, and ſtedfaſt mien;
To calm the pious, doubting heart,
When ſeeming contradictions ſtart;
Diſcloſe the Atheiſt's falſe intent,
And break the toils of his weak argument:
Firm confidence in Heaven create,
And meek ſubmiſſion to our Fate;
Perhaps, my friend, your lovely Boy
May thus his ripen'd years employ.
But, O! whatever path he tread,
There may Heaven's choiceſt dews be ſhed;

With ten-fold joys ſome future day
May he your preſent cares repay,
With humour like your own, delight,
Thro' the long day, and winter's night.
His Father's heart—but, ſtay my Muſe!
Tho' o'er thy lyre Truth wave her wings,
He wou'd thy fainteſt praiſe refuſe,
And bluſhing, bid thee quit the Strings.

THE

VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

THE Storms to Polar Caves are fled,
And Spring's ſweet reign is come;
And Midnight in the tranquil ſkies,
Sits veil'd in lighter gloom.

Slow thro' the Vale the mountain-rill,
Amongſt the cowſlips creeps,
No light is ſeen, no ſound is heard,
And all the Hamlet ſleeps:

All ſave one ancient Swain, who courts
In vain the power of ſleep,
And wakes on this myſterious Eve,
To wonder, watch, and weep.

Impell'd by ſome reſiſtleſs cauſe
He trembling leaves his bed,
And ſeeks thro' deep involving ſhades,
The Manſions of the Dead.

The Vigil of St. Mark it is,
A night he well may rue,
When in the Church-yard's gloomy porch,
Dire Viſions meet his view.

All of the Hamlet, who this year
Shall yield their mortal breath,
Walk through the Porch a griſly train,
Wrapt in the garb of Death.

Fain wou'd the old, reluctant Seer,
Repoſe within his ſhed,
But govern'd by ſome unknown Power,
His feet the Church-yard tread.

For once when in his frolic youth
He wiſh'd to prove the tale,
That young Credulity oft told,
Down in the duſky vale;

He ventur'd in the deep midnight,
On holy Saint Mark's Eve,
Within the Gothic Porch to watch,
Diſdaining to believe.

But oft he wiſh'd his hardy mind
Had never led him there,
Amazement roots him to the ground,
And lifts his briſtling hair.

In vain to quit the chilling Porch,
The awe-ſtruck Shepherd tries,
His wither'd nerves had loſt all power,
Wild terror ſtretch'd his eyes;

As by the Tower's ſonorous clock,
Myſterious Twelve was toll'd;
And ſtrange, and mournful muſic peal'd,
Within the church ſo cold;

And as by viewleſs hands unlock'd,
The doors expanding groan,
And thro' the damp, and dim-ſeen aiſles,
The gliding Viſions moan.

Ah! then what horrors blaſt his ſight,
He ſees his father's ſhade;
And more, to kill his youthful hopes
His fair, affianc'd Maid!

But, ſince the Vigil of Saint Mark
He once has dar'd to keep,
That myſtic Midnight every year,
He wakes to watch, and weep.

A force no language can explain,
Compels him to attend,
And oft in premature diſtreſs,
He mourns his child, and friend.

Frequent at ſummer's even-tide
The Hamlet's labours done,
Around the ſilver-headed Seer
The Youth, and Children run;

And well he warns them how they ſeek
The ſolemn Porch to tread,
Leſt they, like him, each year behold,
The viſionary Dead!

GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES TO HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE, ON THE MORNING OF HIS RETURN FROM THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

SWEET were the pearly rains of Spring deſcending,
Soft o'er the golden tides chaſte Evening ſtray'd;
While the bright bow in balmy Ether bending,
'Woke choral muſic in the dewy ſhade.

Yet the fair ſcene my eyes with tears ſurvey'd,
Nor wou'd my aching ſenſes be delighted,
With vocal warblings breath'd from hill, or glade,
The vaſt reſplendent bow of blooms united,

Or

Or gladden'd earth with new-born flowers array'd,
For then my Love, thy pale, diſtracted maid,
Saw thee by fancy's cruel Pencil ſhaded,
All faint, and bleeding on thy earthy bed,
With not one friend to raiſe thy drooping head!

But now by thy delightful converſe aided,
The ſplendid ſkies, gay birds, and blooming earth,
Can give a thouſand ſweet emotions birth.

ON READING IN SEVERAL PUBLICATIONS MANY INVIDIOUS ALLUSIONS TO MRS. RADCLIFF'S ELEGANT NOVEL,

"THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO."

THO' Envy ſtrive to rend the well-earn'd Wreath
That decks enchanting RADCLIFF's modeſt brow,
Yet while the Lovers of Great Nature breathe,
Her laurels with unfading green ſhall glow.

Her moon-light mountains, her tempeſtuous ſkies,
The deep-wrought myſtery of the pathleſs wood;
The ſolemn ſtrain that on the night-wind dies,
Firing the fancy as it chills the blood;

Her

Her gloomy caſtles of chivalrie days,
Where giant Murder ſtalks thro' ruin'd bowers;
And all the lucid ſcenery ſhe diſplays
Round vaſt Udolpho's dark, imperious towers;

Genius with eagle-eye has mark'd his own—
While orphan-daughters love her filial tear,
And Virtue bending from her radiant throne,
Hails ſcenes to love, and truth, and fancy dear.

THE

WILL.

OLD Jaſper on his death-bed lay,
Nor hop'd to breathe another day;
He'd ta'en his doctor's final pill:
When Dorothy his wily wife,
Who weary watch'd his ebbing life,
Ventur'd a hint about his will.

" A Will my Dove!" he ſighing ſaid,
" Alas my Dora! when I'm dead,
" Who ſhall my lonely widow nurſe?
" For when in earth your Jaſper's laid,
" And all his funeral charges paid,
" Full light my dear will be thy purſe.

" Thou had'ſt my heart, I had no more,
" No houſes, lands, or golden ſtore,
" E'er fell to luckleſs Jaſper's lot;
" But I behold my dying day,
" Without remorſe, without diſmay,
" For no great ſins my conſcience blot.

" My friend partook my humble fare,
" The little orphan had its ſhare,
" And peace ſtill bleſt my day;

" I've

" I've liv'd in hope, in faith I die,
" And only for my Dora ſigh,
" To this falſe world a prey."

" Oh! think not in this mood my dear,
" Cry'd Dora, ſqueezing out a tear,
" Things may not go ſo ill,
" If while my huſband's mind is ſound,
" He wou'd bequeath ten thouſand pound,
" To me by formal will.

" Leave thee ten thouſand pounds my life!
" Why grief has turn'd thy brain ſweet wife!
" This thing how may it be?"——
" It may, it may, my deareſt dear!
" Send for our neighbour Notary here,
" And leave the reſt to me."

" A nomi

" A nominal bequeſt from me,

" How can it Love, advantage thee?

" I prithee Deary ſay?"

" Sweet Spouſe! the plan's too long to tell,

" But truly all ſhall go right well,

" If I have but my way.

" But Ah!" ſhe cried, in whining tones,

" Jaſper unheeding hears my moans,

" Can this be my good man?"——

Unable to reſiſt her grief,

He yields to give the wiſh'd relief,

Still ignorant of her plan.

The Notary came, his parchment ſpread—

Poor Jaſper rear'd his heavy head,

" And ere I go," he cried,

" Being

" Being as yet in mind quite ſound,
" I leave my wife ten thouſand pound,
" And all I own beſide."

Now Dora's tears in torrents flow'd,
Tho' her ripe cheek like cherries glow'd,
Fluſh'd with her ſplendid view;
And " Oh!" ſhe cried, dear, generous Man!
" I'll live a widow if I can,
" To prove my love to you."

His cold lips form'd a ghaſtly ſmile;
They hold his ſtiffening hand the while,
The generous will he ſigns,
They call the lodger and the maid,
As witneſſes to give their aid,
And—ſpouſe his life reſigns.

Now Dora tore her golden hair,
And rudely beat her boſom bare,
As widows wont to do;
Such floods of living pearl ſuffuſe
Her pretty eyes, that none but Jews,
Wou'd doubt her grief was true.

Even the Scribe, tho' unimpreſs'd
With griefs that rend his neighbour's breaſt,
Produc'd ſome civil tears,
But hop'd the widow wou'd reflect,
That grief cou'd be of none effect,
And ſpouſe was full of years.

She ſeem'd conſol'd, and begg'd the Will,
Betwixt them two, a ſecret; ſtill
Might unreveal'd remain.

He ſwore it ſhou'd; and made his leg,
Curſing his ſtars that blooming Peg,
Held him in legal chain.

" But tho' I can't propoſe myſelf,
" My rich old dad that ſtingy Elf,
" Might catch this glittering prize;
" 'Twill ſwell his coffers, and they'll be,
" A pleaſant windfall to poor me,
" When Death has clos'd his eyes."

Dora foreſaw the Notary's ſcheme;—
Old Gripe had been her mind's firſt theme,
On many a thoughtful day;
Report of fortune would excite
She knew, this avaricious wight,
His devoirs ſoon to pay.

And now in earth good Jaſper laid,
His widow wrapt in ſable ſhade,
Smiles thro' obedient tears,
When Gripus hearing of her wealth,
Sends compliments to learn her health,
Expreſſing hopes, and fears.

Kind anſwers, to enquiries kind,
At length within the miſer's mind,
Produc'd emotions ſtrong:
Ten Thouſand Pounds! and ſuch a wife!
'Twou'd be to live a patriarch's life,
As jolly, and as long.

But ere he ventur'd to unfold
His paſſion—for the widow's gold,
He walk'd up Ludgate-hill:

To ſee his friend the Proctor's face,
And learn the truth of Dora's caſe,
When lo! he found the Will.

And now to joy he gave a looſe,
Impatient for the fatal nooſe,
His purſe-ſtrings to untie;
He bruſh'd his coat, and cock'd his hat,
Gave at her door a ſmart rat-tat,
And told a well-fram'd lie.

" Alas! Sir," cried the bluſhing dame,
" Why ſhou'd you ſeek to raiſe a flame,
" In this cold, widow'd breaſt?
" My dear, dear Jaſper, left me poor,
" And you have every thing in ſtore;
" I pray you let me reſt.

" Unequal

" Unequal matches 'tis agreed,
" Seldom produce much joy, indeed,
" And I have nought to give."
" I know it," cry'd the cunning elf,
" I only aſk your angel-ſelf,
" 'Tis all that I'd receive."

" Nay then, ſweet Sir," in tones more free,
" You are the very man for me,
" I can no more alledge;
" Here, take my hand," ſhe gayly cried,
Old Gripe his wither'd lips applied,
And bleſt the ſnowy pledge.

All eager to ſecure his prize,
The Miſer for a licence hies,
In mortal haſte for fear,

Some coxcomb, gueſſing his intent,
His happy plan ſhou'd circumvent,
And rob him of his Dear.

At length the Parſon tied them faſt,
And when the honey-moon was paſt,
The Loves ſtill kept their places,
Till one day, " Pray my dear," ſaid he,
" Where may your little gold-boys be?
" I long to ſee their faces."

" My dear," ſaid ſhe, " you know I've none!
" I told you that myſelf alone,
" Was all I cou'd beſtow."—
" Nay Miſtreſs Gripus this wont do,
" You've money, and I'll have it too,
" And that I'll let you know."

" O!

" O! certainly my dear," ſaid ſhe,
" If you can point it out to me,
" You'll do me wond'rous pleaſure:
" But truly I am pos'd to think,
" In what ſly corner, hole, or chink,
" I can have hidden treaſure."

" Come, come," in gentler tones he cries,
" And tell me where the money lies,
" And do not uſe me ill:"
" I dont poſſeſs a crown," ſaid ſhe,
" Pſhaw Madam, that wont paſs with me,
" I've ſeen your huſband's Will!"

" You have; why then my cautious man,
" That will was Dora's prudent plan,
" To get you in her power;

" The unſubſtantial, vain bequeſt,
" Was made, my dear, at my requeſt,
" In Jaſper's final hour.

" Nay do not ſtorm—I'm now your wife,
" And you ſhall lead a weary life,
" If you preſume to hector;
" But if your carriage pleaſes me,
" Your cup of human life ſhall be,
" As pure, and ſweet as nectar."

In vain the fretful Miſer ſwears,
For Madam Gripus little cares,
Her ſpirits gayly flow;
And oft ſhe tells her hoary ſpark,
How Avarice may o'erſhoot its mark,
Tho' Caution bend the bow.

ON BEING ASKED TO GO

TO THE

EAST-INDIES.

ALL on the mountain's breezy ſide,
Or ſhelter'd in the panſied vale,
Thro' which ſalubrious waters glide,
Give me to breathe the temperate gale,

That fans thy ſhores thrice happy iſle!
Dear native England! from whoſe coaſt,
Not Hope's moſt faſcinating ſmile,
Nor all Peru, or Aſia boaſt,

Shall

Shall ever tempt my devious feet,
Beneath a foreign ſky to roam,
While Winters mild, and Summers ſweet,
And all the nameleſs joys of home;

With glowing health, and conſcience calm,
And books, and friends, and Poeſy,
And Piety's celeſtial balm,
To fit me for eternity,

Are granted to enrich my day:
For what beſide of genuine joy,
Can aught from pole, to pole diſplay,
That ſhou'd the thinking mind employ?

All eagerneſs to quit the ſcene,
Gay Youth his houſhold-Gods reſigns,
And flies to realms for ever green,
And graſps in fancy ſparkling Mines.

But

But oft, returning, ſee him bring
Imperious habits, cumbrous wealth,
Or all unnerv'd in life's ſweet Spring,
Buy deep regrets, and ruin'd health.

The regions of the riſing Sun,
In life's fair dawn I ſigh'd to tread,
Ere Reaſon's energies begun,
While bright illuſions fill'd my head.

But now the charming viſion paſt,
My Fancy wings the Deep no more,
The brilliant ſkies, the ſpicy blaſt
That ſweeps o'er India's golden ſhore;

The gorgeous piles, the pomp of woods,
To which fond thought with rapture flew,
Bright-tinted vales, and ſacred floods
I once intenſely wiſh'd to view;

I now without a ſigh reſign,
Be but the means of life poſſeſt,
Be but domeſtic pleaſures mine,
And fair Integrity my gueſt.

ON THE ASSERTION OF THE FRENCH THAT THEY WOULD SUBJUGATE GREAT BRITAIN, AND PLANT THEIR TREE OF LIBERTY IN LONDON, BEFORE THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE.

A MOTHERLY old Engliſh Cook,
Of her receipts once wrote a book ;
Giving directions for all ſorts of diſhes,
That might be made of birds, and beaſts, and fiſhes.

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt, how Dolphins might be dreſs'd
Fit for Lucullus, ſo immenſely rich!
By this rare houſwife was full well expreſs'd.
" *Firſt catch a Dolphin*," the receipt began,
A meaſure the propriety of which,
Is ſurely evident to every man.
What pity that the Council of Five Hundred,
On this choice compilation never blunder'd,
For doubtleſs many who now Stateſmen play,
Once figured in a culinary way,
Knights of the Stew-pan! but by angry Fate
Deſtin'd to cut, and hack their groaning State,
While mindful of their former trade they boaſt,
'Midſt Europe's mighty Jacks to rule the roaſt.
Perhaps, if they'd encounter'd this receipt,
And to the firſt direction paid attention,

They wou'd not have diſplay'd ſo much conceit,
Nor of their Tree of Liberty made mention,
Which in old Albion's Iſle they talk'd of planting,
But that alas! the ways, and means were wanting.
They wou'd have firſt ſeen Father Thames's face,
And on his banks ſecur'd themſelves a place.
They wou'd have *caught the Dolphin*, ere they boaſted,
How they would have the glorious creature roaſted.

THE

MYSTERIOUS KNIGHT.

TO hunt the wild boar in the foreſt ſo drear,
The Lord of Zolenſki aroſe,
And mounting his courſer a ſtranger to fear,
Impatient for ſport left his friends in the rear,
While he ſkimm'd ſwift as wind o'er the ſnows.

At length the fierce ſavage arouz'd from his den.
Appall'd the vaſt Wild with his roar,
Indignant he parried the ſpears of the men,
Then ruſh'd to the woody receſſes again,
Polluting the ſnows with his gore.

And

And now while they rapidly gain'd on his flight,
While their valor by exerciſe grew,
In the heat of the chaſe they were join'd by a knight,
His beaver was up, and his armour was white,
And his features were pallid to view.

Milk white was the courſer that bore him along,
And proudly majeſtic his port,
Imperious he ſpurn'd the leſs venturous throng,
And darting the knights, and the nobles among,
Was foremoſt in danger, and ſport.

Unknown to the Baron, unknown to his friends,
The ſtranger in ſilence purſu'd,
In ſilence the fate of the Boar he attends,
Which ended, his courſe with the hunters he bends,
To the caſtle that hangs o'er the wood.

By his noble demeanor all ranks were impreſs'd,
While they gaz'd on his face with diſmay,
Then the Lord of Zolenſki his wiſhes expreſs'd,
That the knight wou'd diſmount, and be ſome time his gueſt,
And talk o'er the turns of the day.

With courteous obeiſance behold him alight,
And comply with the Baron's requeſt,
Unembarraſs'd addreſs every wondering knight,
At the chaſe of the morning expreſs his delight,
And ſit down at the table a gueſt.

And now the keen cravings of appetite ſtill'd,
The banquet of reaſon began;
On each ſubject they talk'd he was perfectly ſkill'd,
His mind with all Science appear'd to be fill'd,
And he ſeem'd the whole race in one man.

Long

Long ſeduc'd by the charms of his converſe, the hours
Inſenſibly glided away,
Till in ſolemn ſucceſſion the clocks from the towers,
Struck the time when the agent's of hell's baleful
powers,
Do the deeds they conceal from the day.

Then each gueſt to depart to his Caſtle aroſe;
When ſudden, the God of the Storm,
Leapt in wrath from his pillow of deep-frozen ſnows,
Where pavillion'd in gloom he had long found repoſe,
And forgot the fair world to deform:

Now the wild winds unloos'd from their caverns ariſe,
And each demon of mountain, and flood,
That enjoys deſolation, beneath the dark ſkies,
In terrible tumult at liberty flies,
Swells the ſtreams, and uproots the hoarſe wood.

" O! remain here my friends," cried the Lord of the feaſt,
" Till this tempeſt has waſted its ire,
" Within theſe firm walls you in ſafety may reſt,
" Till morning again ſhall enlighten the Eaſt,
" And the blaſt with its fury expire."

No powers of perſuaſion were needed to ſtay
The gueſts at a ſeaſon ſo drear,
And each ſoon retir'd to his chamber away,
To wait in repoſe the return of the day,
When the ſtorm ſhou'd be huſh'd, and the morning's bright ray
Bid beauty, and peace re-appear.

Then reluctant, and laſt from the hall of the Feaſt,
The knight in white armour withdrew;

And now half his faculties ſeem to have ceas'd,
In paleneſs and horror, his viſage increas'd,
While it ſtream'd with a cold, deadly dew.

Soon lull'd in the arms of the tempeſt to ſleep,
Every eye in the caſtle was ſeel'd,
Save the knight's, who his horrible vigil muſt keep,
And in midnight's black boſom ſtill bitterly weep,
From a cauſe that can ne'er be reveal'd.

But ſhort was the time that ſweet ſlumbers might lead,
To Elyſium the ſpirit away;
When, preluſive of ſome wild, and terrible deed,
Groans, and ſhrieks more than human were heard to proceed,
From the room where the ſtranger-knight lay.

Each gueſt and domeſtic the bands of ſleep burſt,
From their beds in confuſion aroſe,
And flew to the place from whence ſounds ſo accurſt,
Expreſt by the demons of miſchief the worſt!
Had iſſued, and broke their repoſe.

At his door all collected in darkneſs, and fright,
The cauſe of the ſhrieks they inquir'd,
When, ſubduing his groans the myſterious knight,
Entreated them to wait till the next morning's light,
To hear what they ſo much deſir'd.

As if gaſping with pain he then bade them depart,
Nor to enter his chamber preſume,
Leſt their eyes with affright from their ſockets
ſhou'd ſtart,
And death in an inſtant arreſt every heart,
That dar'd to intrude on the gloom.

A caution

A caution ſo ſtrange with cold horror bedew'd,
Every boſom that throbb'd near the door,
And thoſe who ſo late rouz'd the Boar in the wood,
Felt their courage by Fancy's wild viſions ſubdued,
And to enter the chamber forebore.

Full of dreadful conjecture each wander'd away
And ſought in Oblivion's ſoft breaſt
To forget his alarm, till the dewy-ey'd Day
Shou'd the terrible myſtery fully diſplay,
That envelopp'd the wonderful gueſt.

But the dawn had not yet riſen over the hill,
When their ſenſes again were aſſail'd,
When yells ſtill more hideous the gallery fill,
And make the warm blood in their veins ceaſe to
thrill,
While they wiſh the fair morning unveil'd.

The Lord of Zolenſki unable to bear
A longer ſuſpenſe, quits his bed
When Aurora's firſt breathing refreſhes the air,
And bids all his people around him prepare,
On this ſcene of confuſion undaunted to dare,
When lo!—its ſtrange author is fled!

All is ſilent as death!—but ſulphureous airs
Half the horrible myſtery tell;
Wrote in letters of Blood, ſee the Bond where it glares,
Which fully the contract infernal declares
To be ratified this night in Hell.

TO

A COUNTERFEIT SHILLING.

ON fair Southampton's buſy quay,
Falſe Friend! I firſt encounter'd thee,
And when to this great town I ſped,
And half thy bright relations fled,
I thought it hard that thou ſhoud'ſt ſtay,
And vow'd to ſend thee far away.
But then my Fancy ſaw thee paid,
To honeſt toil for daily bread,

While

While round his little children ſtand,
And aſk their morſel at his hand.
Or by thy ſpecious hue betray'd,
I ſaw ſome fair, induſtrious maid,
Receive thee with delight, and haſte,
To buy her pining Sire's repaſt.
What diſappointment dims her eye;
I think I hear her bitter ſigh,
Her parent's image fills her mind,
Her anguiſh will not be confin'd,
She ſees him in their dreary room,
Where no warm blaze relieves the gloom,
And ere ſhe can relief impart,
The hand of death has chill'd his heart!
Or to ſome ſtripling thou may'ſt go,
Impatient for theatric ſhow,
His heart high beating to behold,
Melpomene her grief unfold,

Or eager in Thalia's glaſs,
To laugh at follies as they paſs;
Perhaps when thou like ſome foul Sprite,
Shalt keep him from the dear delight,
That very evening might have woke,
Some virtue ſleeping in his ſoul,
The chain of ſome bad paſſion broke,
And ſtrengthen'd reaſon's bleſt controul.
But ſhou'd the penſive muſe relate,
The various woes thou may'ſt impart,
Pale agent of malignant fate!
She might appal thy maker's heart.
For lo! within the ſoldier's hand,
Returning to his native land,
That land for which his generous veins,
Have drain'd their ſtores on Flandria's plains
I ſee thee now, with eager joy,
He ſhows thee to his hardy Boy,

And faithful Wife, and bids them cheer,
Nor yield their honeſt hearts to fear,
Tho' grimly cloſe the evening ſkies,
And o'er the heath their journey lies,
For thou wilt all their wants ſupply,
Till morning lights the wintry ſky;
Alas! amid the drifted ſnows,
I ſee them ſink to long repoſe!
But thou, to bring the caſe more home,
To ſome poor poet's purſe may'ſt roam,
And diſcompoſe the buſy brain,
Where epic embryos lie in train,
That might ſome wiſer age ſurprize,
And lift their author to the ſkies.
But no, thou never hence ſhalt go,
To work the rhyming race more woe.

Tho'

Tho' by Caſtalia's vocal ſtream,
I cannot weave the glowing dream,
'Twoud be ungracious to prevent,
Another's innocent intent,
By caſting in his path a thorn,
By which his tiſſue might be torn.
For ſure thy hypocritic face,
Might fifty brilliant thoughts diſplace,
If not one genuine ſilver friend,
Cou'd luckily its ſervice lend:
For tho' a Bard might always dine,
With Phœbus, and the blooming Nine,
Their food is ſo extremely light,
It diſconcerts his ſtomach quite,
And drives ſleep from his couch at night:
Beſides he ſometimes hates to roam,
And loves to eat a meal at home.

Yes bitter miſchief thou might'ſt work,
If thou alone wert left to lurk,
Within his miſerable purſe,
While ſome young Iliad was at nurſe.
Keen Hunger might the Babe deſtroy,
Extinguiſh ſweet parental joy,
And leave its hapleſs father's name,
Unnotic'd in the page of fame.
But I will keep thee dark, and faſt,
No germs of Genius ſhalt thou blaſt,
And ever in ſequeſter'd cell,
May all thy ſpurious ſiſters dwell,
So ſhall no dealer in romance,
In future meet their hateful glance;
Nor hardy toil, nor filial love,
Their dire, deceitful influence prove.

ON READING MR. SOUTHEY'S

"TALE OF DONICA."

"BEHOLD! as ſoon as from the Bride
"The Devil fled, the woman died!"
A married coxcomb archly cry'd.
"But if this devil ne'er wou'd reſt,
"Within a bride's ambroſial breaſt,
"But always ſtraightway took its flight,
"As ſoon as Prieſts begun the rite,
"What crowds of lifeleſs dames wou'd grace,
"The Hymeneal Altar's baſe!

"How

" How few wou'd be the parſon's fees!
" How much we Bucks ſhou'd live at eaſe!
" Then I'd ne'er been a married man,
" But free to form an ampler plan,
" Ar'n't you of my opinion Anne?
" Why really," Lady Anne replied,
" I'm rather puzzled to decide,
" But 'tis moſt likely as you ſay,
" I was poſſeſs'd that fatal day,
" When ſpite of Reaſon's plaineſt rule,
" I gave my freedom to a Fool."

ON HIS EXCELLENCY EARL FITZWILLIAM'S REPORTED RESIGNATION OF THE VICEROYSHIP OF IRELAND, IN THE YEAR 1795.

WILD from dark Winter's icy caves
The Storm with awful fury roars,
Along the turbid Ocean raves,
And rudely ſhakes the diſtant ſhores;
Piles o'er the dreary earth the ſilver ſnows,
And locks the rivers in profound repoſe:
But all in vain the Tempeſt roars,
And vainly pours its arrowy ſtores,

To keep FITZWILLIAM on Britannia's ſtrand,
Who with a filial care
Now flies to aid his native land,
And all its toils to ſhare.
The anxious crowds behold his ſails
Contending with the furious gales—
He comes! ſuſpenſe is now no more,
And ſhouts of tranſport fill the ſhore!
The work's begun, from whence muſt flow
All that of bliſs Hibernia's ſons can know;
All that can make them great and good,
Adorn their Iſle and ſave their Blood.
With jocund hearts their Songs they raiſe,
To celebrate the Patriot's praiſe,
Who can the couch of eaſe forego,
And many a charm of independent wealth
To bid their breaſt with rapture glow,
To ſave his country's waning health:

For not Ambition's meteor blaze
Lures him to tempt the wintry flood;
Above reward, or party-praiſe,
His aim is but the Public good.
Now at his mild command
The liberal Virtues riſe in bright array;
Knit with benignant hands the ſocial band,
And give refulgence to the wintry day.
Now in the human face divine,
A thouſand ſweet emotions ſhine;
Delighted Gratitude is there,
And Hope that chaſes every trace of Care:
For lo! a fairer train of laws he leads,
And different Faith no more in vain for juſtice pleads.

But Ah! along the brighten'd ſcene
Behold what dreadful clouds appear;
Each face ſo late with ſmiles ſerene,
Loſes its tranquil grace in fear.

" He goes!" they cry, " Our Viceroy goes!
" And leaves us to reſiſtleſs woes."
While the deſponding Genius of the Land,
Weeps o'er the lucid ſchemes his generous Mind had plann'd.

Thus while young Spring unfolds her graceful wreaths,
Gay ſing the Birds, ſweet ſounds the Shepherd's lute,
Each ſoften'd gale ſome new-born odour breathes,
When lo! the verdure check'd, the vocal woodland mute.
Pale, ſudden mildews, withering poiſon ſhed,
On every infant bloom that rears its balmy head.

ST. CUTHBERT*.

ST. CUTHBERT, as an ancient legand ſhows,
In Farn's lone iſland read the ſinful Crows,
Such keen phillippics on their thieving trade,
And made the culprits ſo acutely feel
How very vile a ſin it was to ſteal
From Saints the ſtraws which thatch their lowly ſhed;

*See Groſſe's Antiquities, Article Lindesfarne Priory.

That they next day with penitential looks,
Brought from a magazine of merchant-rooks
A piece of pork, moſt delicately dreſs'd,
Begging the Saint's acceptance of the meat,
While for paſt ſins contrition they expreſs'd,
And vow'd no more by theft to build or eat.

Benign St. Cuthbert, pleas'd with their repentance,
For milder fines revok'd their former ſentence;
And more to ſhow the ſweetneſs of his mind,
And perfect approbation of the matter,
Altho' a faſt-day on the griſkin din'd,
And drank their healths in wine unmix'd with water.

Some may preſume to think the Saint was wrong,
Aught to accept from ſuch a pilfering throng,
As ten to one the Pork was ſtolen too:

But how dare common men on Saints decide?
Can they, like Saints, in morning viſions view
What ſhall befall them ere the even-tide?

No doubt the Sage foreknew the late aggreſſors
Became by lawful methods the poſſeſſors
Of this atoning morſel they preſented,
Elſe he had ſurely ſpurn'd the ſavory dinner,
Nor his olfactory nerves ſo vilely tainted,
To ſmell the gift of any ſtubborn ſinner.

But long before this odd event arriv'd,
While at fair Lindesfarne St. Cuthbert liv'd,
Of which grand Monaſtery he flouriſh'd Prior;
The Legend tells how Lucifer oft teiz'd him
In various forms — of women, water, fire,
And oft by means of viewleſs demons ſeiz'd him.

But ſtill the Anchorite his arts eluded,
Nor e'en by Beauty's ſelf wou'd be deluded ;
For Satan once aſſum'd the form and grace
Of Grecian Venus, wore her bloom divine
Caught the fine contour of her 'witching face,
And criſp'd with wanton art her ringlets fine.

Then all array'd in virgin-white attire,
Within the Church juſt vis-à-vis the Prior,
The beautiful Illuſion ſmiling ſat ;
Sported her taper Fingers, poliſh'd Neck,
Now wav'd her treſſes this way and now that,
And then her ſlight veil'd breaſt with flowers wou'd deck.

This ſight be ſure put all the congregation,
The Saint and all, in no ſmall conſternation ;
The thread of his fair argument was loſt,

While

While the bright viſion threw her glances round,
Till every ſoul by new emotions toſt,
Gaz'd ſilent in delightful wonder bound!

What may be done?—The reverend Preacher tries
To catch one glance of her quick-varying eyes;
Hoping to frown her into deep confuſion,
For daring to coquet in ſuch a place;
But here St. Cuthbert drew a falſe concluſion,
The lovely devil laughing in his face!

That magic laugh went ſtraightway to his heart,
He felt the firmneſs of his mind depart,
And preach'd without the vigor and preciſion
That uſually diſtinguiſhed his diſcourſes:
Alas! the artillery of the ſplendid Viſion,
Had robb'd the ſtruggling Saint of half his forces.

When

When happily the Holy-water came
Quick to his thought to quench the riſing flame,
And prove if this bright form were maid or devil,
O'er the enchantreſs copious drops he threw:—
When lo! the princely Origin of Evil,
In giant uglineſs expos'd to view.

In ſudden flames he veil'd his horrid head
Thro' ſmoky columns ſcowling as he fled,
Leaving the Saint to aſſure his congregation
The Holy-water's excellence was ſuch,
As this new inſtance prov'd, that no temptation
But muſt expire beneath its potent touch.

ROSAMOND TO HENRY THE SECOND, DURING HER CONCEALMENT AT WOODSTOCK.

HASTE to your weſtern tents ye gaudy hours!
And come ye ſhadowy forms that cloſe the flowers.
That bid ſweet Philomel renew her tale,
And fill with melody the twilight vale!
Now far from hence the gorgeous day retires;
Paler, and paler glow the ſolar fires:
The ſlanting ſplendors ſhift along the glade,
And now departing leave me wrapt in ſhade!

Now

Now Venus ſparkles in the ſoften'd ſky,
And cool, and ſweet the winds of evening ſigh.
Now o'er my head the woodlark's muſic dies,
And bath'd in pearly rain each bloſſom lies.
All nature ſinks ſerenely to repoſe,
Save the rack'd Breaſt where guilty paſſion glows.
I love this Seaſon, tho' the thoughts it brings,
Wound my poor boſom with a thouſand ſtings.
Oh Henry! Dear, delightful, fatal name!
Dear ſource of all my bliſs, and all my ſhame!
Oh haſte, and ſave me from reflection's power,
Which comes to torture at this ſilent hour,
And point the Form to whom I owe my breath,
By me heart-broken, languiſhing to death!
Ah! my fond Father! thy ungrateful Roſe
Has madly fill'd the Chalice of thy woes.

He

He weeps my honor loſt, my name diſgrac'd,
For ever now from Virtue's page eras'd,
And ſees her guarded daughters with diſdain,
Deride my fault, or ſhudder at my ſtain.
Yet cou'd they feel my royal Henry's ſigh,
Behold the tear-drop in his ardent eye,
And from his lip hear that melodious tone,
Which makes whate'er he wiſhes all his own :
Perhaps the ſtrong enchantment then might be,
For them too powerful as it was for me!
But Oh! how deeply I regret the days,
When Chaſtity's bright Star illum'd my ways.
Gay roſe the Sun in that delightful time,
Ere my young heart was ſullied with a crime.
For me how ſweetly tranquil ſhone the day,
That ſaw me in the paths of ſcience ſtray,

When

When nature's treaſures open'd to my eyes,
Lovely on earth, majeſtic in the ſkies.
When my young mind firſt learnt the Mighty Cauſe
That gave the Univerſe eternal laws,
What made the Spring in roſy ſmiles to glow,
And whence the tropic wind, and polar ſnow.
Why tedious darkneſs veils the icy poles,
And what grand voice the bitter froſt controuls;
How by attraction's ſtrong, tho' ſightleſs force,
The golden planets keep an equal courſe,
By what great Power the conſtellations blaze,
And dart through boundleſs ſpace their heaven-
born rays.
Or when from theſe I turn'd my raviſh'd eye,
To learn to what vaſt heights the mind may fly,
To what a pitch of Virtue, Man may riſe,
And win a glorious throne above the ſkies,

How

How competent Religion's power to bind,
Each lawleſs paſſion of the human mind.
Alas! the knowledge now how vain to me,
Chain'd as I am my Love! to earth, and thee.
My fingers tremble as I touch the Page,
Which once cou'd all my ſerious hours engage.
That ſacred volume now aſide is thrown,
Where worlds of intellect were made my own.
Ah me!—had fate ne'er led my eyes to you,
To its pure precepts I had ſtill been true.
But muſt the Mind perforce in Error ſtay,
Becauſe it once loſt ſight of Virtue's ray?
No, there exiſts an innate ſenſe of right,
Which vice can never hide in total night.
Indulgent heaven permits the ſmother'd ſpark,
Frequent to flaſh its radiance thro' the dark,

And point to Paſſion's bluſhing ſlave the way,
That leads from deep deſpondence into day!
Even now I feel this light my ſoul illume,
Even now my Fancy ſees all heaven in bloom!
Blanch'd by long penitence this mortal ſtain,
My ſpirit ſhall its native hue regain.
O glorious thought! and ſhall I once more know
Hours, days, and ſeaſons free from guilt, and woe?
Yes, we will part, repent, and live to heaven,
Renounce our ſin, and hope to be forgiven!
Aſſiſt me God! to break this fatal chain,
To fly, abjure him——Ah! I pray in vain!
Now in reſiſtleſs ſmiles his image glows,
And every purer thought at diſtance throws.
Can I forget his voice, his form, his grace,
And all the matchleſs glories of his face?

O!

O! never, never!—till this aching breaſt,
In the deep grave ſhall find eternal reſt,
Henry will reign its lord without controul,
The faſcinating tyrant of my ſoul!
But yet he comes not, tho' his ſtar's ſoft light,
High in the vaulted ſky has brought the night.
Reſplendent Venus! whoſe myſterious power,
Rul'd over mine, and Henry's natal hour.
Bright Planet! might thy votaries, wretched here,
Soar after death to thy delightful ſphere,
My hero in thy lucid orb wou'd find,
His tender Roſamond's congenial mind.
Love, there with Innocence might lead the hours,
And deck the verdure with immortal flowers;
While our free'd ſpirits bath'd in guiltleſs bliſs,
Look'd down with Pity on a world like this.

Oh! what detains him from this conſcious bower?
Why comes he not at his accuſtom'd hour?
Perhaps ſome other Fair with freſher charms
Attracts his glance, and wins him from my arms!
O! thought, to love injurious; hark! he comes!
Even now he traverſes the leafy glooms:—
I hear his footſteps 'midſt the diſtant trees,
I ſee his white plume waving in the breeze;
Nearer and nearer, moves the welcome ſound,
With Love's ſwift feet he thrids the mazy ground—
The well-known ſignal riſes to my view!
The wicket moves, he ſmiles! my pen adieu!

THE END.

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